

Noble Sacrifices

by Winged Rebel

Category: Halo

Genre: Angst, Sci-Fi

Language: English

Characters: SPARTAN-B312/Noble Six

Status: Completed

Published: 2012-01-01 22:12:19

Updated: 2012-01-01 22:12:19

Packaged: 2016-04-26 23:37:22

Rating: M

Chapters: 1

Words: 1,680

Publisher: www.fanfiction.net

Summary: A peak into Noble 6's final thoughts as she faces the Covenant alone after the fall of her other Noble Team members and remembers her time with them and their sacrifices for Reach. Rated M for blood, violence, and brief language.

Noble Sacrifices

I wrote this one shot on Dec. 31st thinking about the ending of Halo Reach. As an avid fan of the trilogy, I thought Reach was an interesting prequel story and I thought the whole drama back story of a Spartan Team fighting to defend a planet was really deep. Noble 6 is the mysterious new comer of the team, and even though you play as the actual character, you never really get to see into his/ her thoughts. I didn't make a refrence to Noble 6's gender but maybe its more on the female side because of reactions and the fact that I played as a female Spartan. ;D

Please read this peak into the thought of Noble 6's finale minutes and leave a review at the end letting me know of your responses to the one- shot. It would mean alot._

RATED M FOR BLOOD, LANGUAGE, AND VIOLENCE

* * *

><p>Noble Sacrafices

**A Reach Story**

~by: Anika Chancer~

* * *

><p>I watched the atmosphere bright and alive with hundreds of enormous clouds lined with the sunset's final rays of light. The sun

was kissing the continent goodnight once more like it did everyday, only was there going to be an civilization for it to greet the next day after the cold night? I couldn't be sure.<p>

The only thing I could be sure of was that the Covenant that waited for me in the shadows among the crumbling buildings of the deserted ship yard were planning on making sure I wasn't there to see it.

If it was my last hour on Reach, I wanted to spend it looking up at the marveling star of light. The warmth, life, and memories it gave off- at least for me- helped me sprint on as I took refuge in the half demolished structure where a shotgun lay waiting for my tired hands to grab it. That one sphere of fire was what helped me remember my life before. Before ONI stole me away at the tender age of six from my home.

A smile briefly spread on my dry lips as I remembered her voice. Small flashes were all I could cling onto in my desperate times. Her laugh. His whistling. My name being called. The most vivid of them being her singing tenderly to me as she held me, willing me through song to dream sweetly.

I hummed the gentle notes as I loaded my DMR and shot an Elite Minor between it's beady black eyes. I heard it's howl of pain as it fell to the dusty earth, watching it's companion rush to it's side, probably telling the alien that he died with honor or some religious crap.

Whatever small remorse I had for taking it's life left me the moment it surfaced. They were the invaders who risked their men's lives by attacking us. They worked vainly at any measure to wipe our species. While on our hand, we would go to any measure to protect and preserve our homes, families, cities, and countless human lives.

While the Elites growled and spat at me, shooting plasma weapons like confetti guns, Grunts hesitated and some even ran away into cover-wailing like pesky children. My mind started to question if they even were given the option to join the war, or if their opinions were valid in their line of command.

A jackal slinked around slyly on the shelter of a roof woven together with palms. The violet needle that flew from it's rifle barely caught my eye as it sunk into my armor. A weak yelp that could've belonged to any puny animal escaped my lips and I staggered back, feeling the sticky crimson blood as I held my side, almost falling on top of a dead Marine.

What did the young man who didn't make it live for? What sacrifices did he make for Reach? I have met some valiant people in the past month. Probably the most courageous ever and out of my whole career as a Spartan, -through out the missions, fights, infiltrations, and flying- I have never felt more alive than at the side of Noble Team.

Honestly, it had been hard to shed the lone wolf act, but I followed Carter's wishes and found looking at belonging to a team in a new perspective. Now after losing my whole team, I didn't think I would have to go back to being a loner so soon. It left me feeling a bit hollow, like a gapping hole that grew with each one of their

deaths.

I never figured I'd grow that close to them, especially the few that I knew weren't my biggest fans. It started when Jorge handed me his dog-tags- the same ones that swung from the side of my dagger strapped to my chest- and hoisted me out of the doom stricken Convent Cruiser. The empty feeling started to ache when I saw a similar hole form in Kat's skull. I didn't think it would impact me so much when I knew she didn't enjoy my presence on the team. She didn't like me stepping over their relationships- especially Carter and her's- but I still felt like we had one too as I cradled her dead body in my arms watching the flames of New Alexandria die out.

Ah, Jun that son of a bitch... Thinking about it I did enjoy sniping with that soldier. He was pretty interesting when it came to battle cries. My only hope was that he made it off Reach safely with Halsey to fight another day.

I only wish Carter, Emile, and I could have flown away aboard the Pillar of Autumn as well. Maybe we could've gone on to honor our fallen comrades. Still, we will all honor them in our own actions. In our sacrifices. Carter who never stopped giving for his team- no matter the protocol or his superior's orders- died trying to protect Emile and I until his final breath. I never had cried over my team mates deaths before, but to say I didn't feel anything when his Pelican went up in flames would be a lie. Emile didn't expect to make it when he took then gun to give the Pillar of Autumn cover and he still went down fighting. I wouldn't have expected anything less from him. All Noble Team ever did was sacrifice for others, it was about time they found their peace.

In a twisted way, I wasn't shameful to go. This was my finale peace of mind as I was about to take rest on a biting planet, lit with the rage of relentless enemies and courage of hearts that stopped for Reach and her people.

As a trio of Elites overcame me, I let out a battle cry and let them eat my AR bullets. Then came the familiar click that indicated I was empty. As they engaged me I pulled helmet off and I sucked in a breath of Reach's sweet O- two- a mixture of smoke and ash. Letting it fall to the ground, I watched the helmet crack as it landed in a pile of gravel. My fingers felt for the handle of my trusty Magnum and a white armoured Elite was unlucky enough to run in front of its barrel.

More plasma grazed my sides and one needle opened a stinging gash on my cheek. My breaths were heavy as I gritted my teeth in determination, kicking another scum Covenant leader away from me. I heard the hum of electricity as they unsheathed their Energy Swords. My heart pumped in a rapid chorus and its hammering in my chest drowned out all outside noises.

"_Come on you scummy bastards..._", I hissed. "_I'm willing to make it count,_ _for Jorge and Noble Team_!"

One Zealot just growled in my face, forcing me to inhale its reeking stench as I threw me down on the parched earth. It kicked my Magnum out of my grasp and I returned the favor by smacking my foot against its chest. It ordered another of its troops to hold me down as it raised its weapon, a shimmer of sunlight glinting on the edge of the

blade, before he brought it down.

There was only a numb sensation as the sword embedded itself with my heart, just like it had for Emile and the Elites started to give cheers of victory as my ragged breaths slowed. A groan and atrocious sound grungled from my throat as I laughed in its face. A soft trickle of blood started down the corner of my mouth as they stared at me with cold eyes, but I only continued to laugh nastily at them.

I barely managed to suck in a breath as I spat blood in its face with my words, "_Ah_, you damn Split-Chins will never understand what you should have learned by...now..." My frame twitched slightly as I let out my last easy breath, _"Spartans never die... Noble Team will always live on with Reach..."_

My heart froze and my head fell back as I went still, but not before my eyes could find the peaceful sight of the setting sun.

* * *

><p>AN: **_I appreciate you reading my interpretation of Noble 6's death and hope you have some positive thoughts or constructive criticism to leave me with through a review. No flames please. If you would like more of my Halo Reach writings, I was thinking of writing a Halo Reach fic in the point of view of Six so you could get more of an idea of their thoughts. I will write it upon requests so let me know if that would interest you. Sorry for any spelling mistakes but my Spell Check is acting up again._

Please review, your thoughts would mean so much for me! ;D Thanks a bunch! ~Anika Out

End
file.